

# Gallipolis Journal.

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## Selected Poetry.

## Miscellaneous.

### BURIAL OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

Where shall the dead and the beautiful sleep?  
In the vale where the willow and cypress weep;  
Where the wind of the West breathes its softest sigh,  
Where the silver stream is flowing nigh,  
And the pure clear dews of its rising spray  
Chide the gems in the bright moon's rays—  
Where the sun's warm smile may never disappear,  
Night's tears o'er the form we love'd so well,  
In the vale where the sparkling waters flow,  
Where the fairest and earliest violets grow;  
Where the sky and the earth are softly fair,  
Bury her there, bury her there.

### IN THE NIGHT.

Dark, dark the night, and fearfully I grope  
Amidst the shadows, feeling for the way,  
But cannot find it. Heedless of my hope,  
And God is very far off with his day.  
Hush, hush, faint heart! Why, this may be  
Chance.  
When things are at their worst to prove  
Thy faith;  
Look up and wait thy great deliverance,  
And trust him at the darkest point of death.

What need of faith, if all were visibly clear?  
'Tis for the trial time that this was given;  
Though clouds be thick, its sun is just as near.  
And faith will find him in the heart of charge.

'Tis often on the grim ridge of war  
God takes his stand to aid us in our fight;  
He watches while we roll the tide afar,  
And beaten back, is near us in our night!  
Under the wildest night, the heaviest foe,  
Faith has a fire-flash of the heart to show  
The face of the Eternal in the gloom.

### SECRET LOVE.

Let me in secret come to thee,  
Let me in secret, let me go;  
Our happiness the less would be,  
Were all the world our joys to know.  
And let no glance of this disclose  
How far our hearts are lost in love;  
The island of our bliss is hid,  
From out the sea it towers above.  
Of Eden is true love the fruit,  
That must be plucked by two alone;  
If a serpent's eye pollute,  
Its sweetness is forever gone.

[Original.]

For the Gallipolis Journal.

### MEMORIES.

I am sitting to-night  
With the pale moonlight  
Solemnly falling around me;  
Silent and slow  
The shades come and go  
Where memory's chain has bound me.  
There's a sweet little stream  
With a silvery gleam  
Of moonlight shimmering o'er it;  
There's a cottage door  
With the merry roar  
Of children playing before it.  
There's the grand old trees,  
The birds and bees,  
And flowers with their rainbow beauty;  
With their mellow chime  
Of musical rhyme,  
Tuning our souls to their duty.  
That lesson's learned,  
Now the leaf is turned,  
And a picture as fair and bright,  
As ever the sun  
Shone down upon,  
Bursts grandly upon my sight.  
There are sparkling streams,  
And youthful dreams,  
And beauty, and wealth, and power;  
But fainter than these  
Were hopes and fears,  
Earth's most precious dower.  
But again a change,  
Sad and strange,  
Comes over life's varying waves;  
There are hopes and fears,  
Trials and tears,  
And toils, and sorrows, and graves.  
Under the wall,  
Where the shadows fall,  
Thickest from the dark abyss grove;  
Moss covered by years,  
And watered with tears,  
Is the grave of a buried love.

Yet no human form,  
For the languishing worm,  
Was laid in that narrow bed;  
But proud words spoken,  
And warm words broken,  
By souls that were lovingly wed.

The bitterest woe  
Our lives can know,  
Is this sorrowful tale of tears,  
Is the clinging smart,  
Of a bankrupt heart,  
To wear through the weary years.

Oh! memory go back  
O'er the checked track  
Of years that have gone forever;  
Come not again  
With your pleasure and pain,  
The links of the past to discover.

Closed be the door,  
Unbar it no more,  
Let its links lie low in the dust;  
Let them remain  
An unbroken chain,  
Some bright, some covered with rust.

ALVINA.

ROSE COTTAGE, Nov. 26, 1863.

CURE FOR SCANDAL.—Mr. Jesse C. Phillips, of Champaign county, went before Probate Judge A. F. Vance, and made solemn oath that he did not vote for Vallandigham. The time is not distant that thousands of people will wish they could purge themselves of the foul offence in so summary a way.

### JOB POTSON'S EXPERIMENT.

It was a disagreeable stormy day out of doors and in the village store were collected a dozen, or more, of social spirits, engaged in drinking cider and talking politics. By and by they had talked the political field dry, and one of their number—Sam Shute by name—a red-nosed, blue-eyed man, opened upon the subject of domestic government. He ventilated himself upon household affairs in general, and finally approached one of his hobbies as follows:

"I tell ye, my boys, a man's got to be master in his own house if he ever expects to be anybody. Just let your wife gain an inch, and she'll be sure to keep 'em. Lord! what a thing a man must be to let his wife rule him!"

Thereupon Mr. Sam Shute finished his mug of cider and then filled his mouth with tobacco.

"That's a fact," cried Tom Burham, in a thick, foggy voice, "Egad, I'd like to see a woman rule me. I never had it in my family. No sir, I hold the reins myself. My wife moves when I tell her to. She's got her lesson, and she knows just what to depend on."

Tom Burham finished his mug of cider and lighted his old black pipe.

"You're right," chimed Lot Quimby, lifting his great dirty boots on the stove hearth as he spoke. "If a man provides a home for his family, he's got a right to be boss. Thunder! I'd like to see a woman pull me around by the nose."

"The fact is," resumed Sam Shute, emptying his mouth upon the floor, "these ere women have got to two lead-in strings, and when they cant pull by one they try the other. In the first place they want to govern like masters,—that suits them best; if they can't do that, then they try to fetch us round by frettin' and coaxin'. But they don't come none o' ther nonsense over me. Lord! When a man once puts his foot down, what can a woman do!"

"That's so," pronounced Burham, digging up the moist tobacco in his pipe with the blade of his jack-knife, and then puffing away for dear life.

"That's so," he repeated after his pipe was once more in smoking order. "I've had experience in that. When a man once puts his foot down, a woman can't do nothin'. A woman'll pull 'em just as long as there's a chance of havin' her own way; but when she finds that she's got a master, why, Lord bless ye, she'll be like a colt with the bit in,—there may be some kickin' and strugglin', but she's got to come 'round finally. Women have to be broken jes' like colts."

"Egad," said Lot Quimby, lowering his boots to the floor, but leaving a part of the dirt upon the stove-hearth. "You've bit the thing precisely, Tom. Egad, there's some comfort in a man's telling that he's boss of the establishment. If I've ever got to be a slave, I hope I shan't be a slave to a woman—that's all I've got to say. As long as I've got a house I kalkilate to rule it. What's your opinion, Job?"

This last remark was addressed to Job Potson, a small sized, quiet looking man, who sat in the corner smoking a new pipe.

"I guess," said Sam Shute, with a laugh, "that Job is a little on the other track."

"Shouldn't wonder," added Tom Burham with a wink. He ran a broom-straw through the muddy stem of his old pipe; and then continued "His wife's got the upper hand I rather guess."

"Not by a durned sight," exclaimed Job, in high dudgeon. "Siral my wife don't rule me. I'm mighty mistaken if you think I'm hen-pecked."

"But Mrs. Potson does just about as she's mind to, I take it," suggested Shute.

"And added," Burham, who had fed his pipe going once more, "I rather guess Job does just about as she tells him to do."

"That's so, fast enough," said Lot Quimby.

But Job declared that it was not so; and became angry when his companions laughed at him and expressed their pity for him.

my own home! We'll see who'll govern!"

Sarah Potson sat in her kitchen, engaged in mending her husband's frock. She was a medium sized, mild-faced woman, with clear hazel eyes, and dark brown hair—a faithful loving woman, frugal and industrious, and possessing a good share of firmness and decision. The house was clean, and in order, the shed was a pattern of neatness; the barn was well kept; the cows and pigs were fat and sleek; the orchard was trim; and the farm was productive; and a careful observer who had watched the doings of fifteen years, would have said that Sarah Potson was the genius who presided over all this order and thrift.

Job Potson reached his home, and hung his hat upon the back of a chair, and sat down by the stove.

"Job," said his wife without stopping her needle, "as soon as you get warm, I guess you'd better fix our front door step. The plank on the lower step is loose. And after dinner would be a good time to secure the beam over the tie-up. You had better do it before the stanchions get loose. The cattle can work them a little now. A stich in time saves nine, you know."

"I'll look out for my barn," said Job, placing rather an undue emphasis upon the my.

His wife's needle fairly stopped, and a look of curious surprise crept over her face. What did the man mean?

"But Job," she suggested kindly, "have you noticed that the beam is loose?"

This rather staggered Job Potson; but he quickly recovered himself, and placed his right foot a little more firmly upon the floor.

"Sarah," he said, "I will look out for my own affairs. If you will attend to your duties here in the house, you will do enough."

"Job Potson, what do you mean?"

"I mean this," replied Job, speaking quickly and snappingly. He hadn't the strength to speak slowly and stately. I mean this. I'll be master of my own affairs. I don't need a ruler; and what's more, I don't intend to have one!"

Like all men who are venturing beyond their depth, Job Potson was forced to make up in bitterness what he lacked in power.

At first his wife was astounded; but when she saw that he kept his eyes upon the fire, not daring to raise them toward her; and when she saw that his teeth were closely shut, and his head cocked over upon one side, the truth flashed upon her. She was a woman of quick, keen perception, and she knew that he had been down to the store, and she knew who were in the habit of congregating there. It was just as plain to her perception, as though she had heard Sam Shute and Tom Burham ventilating their stores of domestic philosophy.

"Job," she inquired very quietly, "what are my duties?"

Now Job had put his foot into it; and he must not back down. He was not a diplomat, and he answered bluntly and squarely:

"Your duty is to obey your husband; and, he added fixing himself firmly in his seat, "I hope you will do it."

"Do you mean that you are going to turn over a new leaf in your family?" inquired Mrs. Potson.

"That's it exactly," cried Job. "You've hit it the first time."

"And you are to be master?"

"I am."

"And hereafter you want none of my suggestions?"

"Hereafter I shall pay such attention to your suggestions as I think they merit."

Mrs. Potson resumed her sewing.

"Poor, dear little man!" She did not say this aloud; but she thought it to herself. A quiet smile stole over her pretty face, and she patted her trim foot upon the floor. She had not the least thought of being angry with her husband—not the least in the world. She knew his weakness; and she knew that something had been bothering him.

"Job," she said, after she had reflected a few moments, "I am your wife. You are a man, while I am only a woman. It is right that you should command. I am your most humble servant. Give me your orders as you please; but I beg you to treat me kindly."

The door steps and the tie-up beam troubled him. He knew that they ought to be fixed; but he could not turn his back so soon upon the new road.

At length the dinner horn sounded, and Job went in and took his seat at the table. The old smile, that had, for fifteen years cheered him morning, noon and night, had faded from his wife's face, and she gazed upon him meekly and submissively.

"Will my master have some of this sauce?" she asked. There was no irony in the tone—no malevolence, but she spoke quietly and politely.

"Yes," said Job, "I should like some of it."

But his dinner did not taste good to him. He did not feel at home. He felt to use one form of his own thought, "like a cat in a strange garret."

After dinner he went out and smoked in the shed; and then he went in, and fixed the door step. This was finished about the middle of the afternoon, and from then until supper time he worked at his wood pile. At the supper-table he felt more nervous and uneasy than at dinner. Once or twice he ventured to raise his eyes to his wife's face but there was no smile for him—none of the old happy look.

This was more than Job Potson was prepared for. He had—supposed he had—screwed his courage up to the point of meeting his wife's show of temper. In fact, he had a store of harsh, commanding words, already arranged, to hurl back at her when she should dare to question his authority, or offer to treat him with contempt. But he had not planned for meeting such an emergency as this—

He had announced his intention of governing his wife, and she had taken him at his word. What should he do? How should he commence? What sort of a task had he before him? As he sat in the chimney corner, after evening chores had all been done, smoking his pipe, he felt very much like a man who has attempted to speak in meeting, and has forgotten his speech.

His wife had been in the habit, every evening, when she was well, of singing and chatting over her knitting; but her voice was now hushed.

At nine o'clock he arose to attend to his cattle. He looked for his lantern but could not find it.

"Where is my lantern?"

"I guess it is where you left it," said Sarah. She laid down her knitting, and went out into the porch where she found it sitting on a bench. She lighted and handed it to her husband.

"Shall I do anything more for you, Job?"

She was calm and passive; he was choking with perplexity.

"That's all he gasped. And then he went away and fed the cattle, and got in his wood for morning.

What a cheerless evening it had been!

On the following morning Job found the same sad face at the breakfast-table—no smiles, no cheer—no social chatting. After breakfast he went out and fixed the beam at the tie-up; and then he was at his wife's end. What would he have given at that moment for a suggestion from his wife. By and by a lucky thought struck him. He could break the ice without lowering his own dignity! He went into the house with this purpose.

"Sarah," he said with his hands working nervously in his pockets, "what do you think about having the loom put in order?"

"I don't think anything about it, Job. You can do as you think best."

"But you know whether you want to use it or not, don't you?" Mr. Potson exhibited a little feeling.

"The wool is at your disposal, Job. If you please to have some cloth made, I will spin and weave it. You have but to issue your orders." Her voice was very low and calm, and her bearing was respectful.

"But," said Job, petulantly, and almost losing his temper. "You know whether the loom wants fixing."

"If it is your wish, my husband, I will go and examine it and report to you. I will do anything you say. Only be kind to me, and don't expect me to anticipate your wants. Shall I go up with you now?"

"Yes."

The loom was in the shed-chamber, and thither Job led the way. His wife pointed out to him what was necessary to be done, and then left him at his work.

Dinner and supper—cheerless and dark!

Job Potson had gone the length of his line. What in the world to do with himself he did not know. How could he work to advantage without the suggestions of his wife? Where were the helps and hints and encouragements which, for so many years had been his guides and assistants? And when he came to think of it seriously what sort of a piece of work should he make of it in attempting to rule and govern a person who knew more than he did, and who understood better what should be done? And furthermore, how was he to call back the light of those smiles, and keep up the warmth of the old love?—What would his home be with that light and warmth withdrawn.

filled it with tobacco. But he did not light it then. He held it in his hands awhile, and finally laid it upon the mantel. Then he went and stood before his wife, trembling like an eager child.

"Sarah, I want to enjoy my smoke this evening."

She looked up at him wondering what he meant.

"How can I help you, Job?"

"Tell me that I have been confused all day!"

"And then kiss me, and be good to me; and let us be as we always have been."

She started, and put her arm around his neck and kissed him.

"Sarah you won't—"

"Tut, tut, Job. You are one of the best of husbands, and I love you truly and fondly. Now go and light your pipe, and we'll have a chat. I want to tell you about Mrs. Brackett's visit to Boston, and how she found her lost brother."

Job Potson was once more happy and content; and at the close of the pleasant, social evening, he was resolved that the suggestions of men, who know no more about the ways of a peaceful, orderly home than they know about the inhabitants of the moon, should lead him never again to try domestic experiments.

MR. NASBY PREACHES.

Church of St. . . .

Nov. 9, '63.

I preached yesterday, from the following text:

"What shall we do to be saved?"

This my brethren, is an important inquiry. Speak in a Democrat who for thirty years has never scratched a tickle vein thing from a Democratic standpoint, I have no hesitations in saying that we need savior in an imminent degree.

The dark waves of fanaticism which were ripples in 1856, and now they are mounting high '80 and now they are unchecked, from California 2 Maine. One island is yet unquiescent. No Jersey yet is too to Democracy—a oasis amid the sterile desert, a green spot by the wayside, a beckon life to the shipwrecked mariner, a whisky jug in Maine—thank heaven for Noo Geray—halloo! I am proud to say that I, poor pastor was born in Noo Geray—that my father sawd wood for the president of the Camden and Amboy and my mother was his washerwoman.

Umbles was our lot, but wot sez the book. "It is better to be doorkeeper at the house of Democracy, than to be a postmaster in the tents of Abolitionism." But 2 reason:

What shall we do to be saved: This inquiry is of palooky interest just now. Let me ask why do we need savior? Democracy is the pure, refined salt of the government—to speak us savior salt is an absurdity. Ah! my friends, will Democracy say the Government, the Government, said Democracy. It was a striking illustration of the eternal finis us things. So long as my venerable fren had a post office he was not a lookist of he did not sustain the Government that give him the post office. Every thing went on, so long as we had the post officers. Wat we want just now is votes—and how to get on it is the question. Whiskey used to do it but alas! the amount of whisky necessary to convert a Abolitionist to Democracy, would kill him afore he could vote—they not being saviors vessels.

We lost control, my brethren, by being stubborn. Ol let us dodge that fatal error. The last election shode that we could not lede the people—let the people lede us. Ef the people want not war, let's sing hosannas to peace! Ef they want war in Ohio, let Ohio dimicrats be war, and if Noo York wants Peace, let em be peace men. Our platform is broad enuff to accommodate all and on the mane question, which in Post office we kin all agree, halloo!

Hevin thus settled the matter of faith, we will consider that us works, fer faith without works is us no more than a whisky punch without whisky. Ther must be no draft—the men must be raised by volunteer. Extra-ordinary indorsements must be held out fer Abolitionists to enlist—fer evry wan who goes stands a lively chance us trouble us no more. We must hev our voters back from Canada. My friends they were enuff good Democrats in Canada to hev saved Ohio and Noo York. They must be to hum, to hum. We need em.

We hev not sufficiently improved the nigger—we neglected him. Ther is 2 sides to the war question, but on nigger we ar invulnerable. Why yu ask Becuz he hex no friends. The Abolitionists ar afeard to defend him, and yet tuckin up him to them we hev won munny a fits. O bless the Lord fer a nigger, he is our tower of strength.

My brethren, we've a big job afore us. Let us daily no longer. Think us the consequences us another defeat. Sech of our democratic leaders as did not git commishuns in the army ar in bad shape. They can't get whisky on tick, forever. Sum av em hev got so low they are obliged to drink dillood camfene, wich hex a bad effect upon the stomach. I ride it wunst. They must be relieved. They must hev their posishens and their regular salaries, fer without em ther stomachs is gone. Brethren, to the breach, to wunst.

My church deppityd me to asser-tain the whereabouts of sum Democrat who hasn't express a opinion since the war commenced and give him the nomination for the Presidency.

PETROLEUM V. NABBY.

### Army Correspondence.

For the Gallipolis Journal.

FROM THE 18th OHIO BATTERY.

Camp of Moccasin Point, Tenn.

November 20, 1863.

MR. EDITOR.—Thinking that the numerous friends of the old 18th will be pleased to hear from it, we presume to address a short communication for the columns of your paper. Our Battery has now been out over fifteen months, and profress to have seen a speck or two of war. It started out to see the elephant, and it certainly saw the monster. body, toe nails, trunk, and all, follies, quotes, at Chicamauga. We do not design giving an account of this terrible conflict as enough has been already written on the subject, and perhaps too much. The part which our brigade took in the terrible conflict is now a matter of history.

After the battle the Battery crossed the river at Chattanooga, and took quarters on a range of hills, called "Stranger's Ridge." The river makes an immense horse shoe bend around this ridge, south, and the bend is called "Moccasin Bend." Where this ridge is terminated by the river, it is called "Moccasin Point," which lies directly opposite Lookout Mountain. The mountain towers far above the point, and is held by the enemy. Whilst Capt. Naylor's Battery, and ours, in conjunction, hold the above mentioned point.

The distance by air line between the rebel batteries on the mountain, and ours, is about one mile. The result is, that nearly every day witnesses sharp artillery duels. So far the enemy has done us no material damage, though some of their shells came uncomfortably close. Upon the whole, the rebels have done ill shooting, their shots falling too short, or too high. It is amusing to hear the boys upon such occasions, "Ho, ho! they will yell back to Lookout," you're too short; give her more elevation? or "too high, too high; cut your fuse a little shorter!" Last Monday it appeared that the enemy was sending, what looked like a brigade of men, from left to right, high up on the mountain. They could barely be seen by the naked eye, but the sunshine flashed in sparkles from the polished surfaces of their muskets, and bayonets. Our Battery immediately opened all its thunders, and there was done some of the prettiest artillery shooting ever witnessed. The ammunition was good, the fuses just right, and nearly every shell exploded exactly where it was intended. The effect on the chivalry was electrical. Smoke and dust, and horrible missiles, whizzing fragments of shell, were before them, behind them, over their heads, and amongst their feet. They made double quick in the most unsoldierly positions across the point exposed. Since, they have shown themselves "few and far between."

Our boys have grown perfectly indifferent to the danger from rebel shells. A shell comes howling over camp, perhaps bursting, and filling the air with the sharp whizzing noise of the jagged fragments, making the bushes and trees crack, crash, and rattly-bang, and all the notice taken of the circumstance, by them, will be, perhaps, some such expression as this, as they look up at the mountain; "you fool son of a gun had better be not wasting your ammunition that way." One moonshining night the enemy commenced throwing shells around our camp about midnight. All were soundly asleep, save the guards, and therefore the demonstration came like a clap of thunder.

"Boom, whiz!" went the bursting ones, and burst went those that did not burst, into the leaves and soft earth. Up rose nearly every man in his bed, not knowing precisely what was up. Suddenly light broke in on their minds; "Oh the devil, its only the rebels wasting more of their ammunition," says one, and we heard another sleepily drawl out, "Those darned fools on Lookout will cripple some of us yet," and then all lay down to sleep soundly until morning. The fact of it, is, no blank cartridge can scare them like it did a certain Corporal that we read about the other day. They are too much accustomed to hear real live ones, intended to hurt, not to scare, around their ears, and not only little bullets, but great shells, big enough for tea kettles. Were any of them "out after roll call," and a sentinel was to fire at them, and a real bullet was "to sing within an inch of their heads," they would march on, perhaps barely remarking, "what d-d fool was that who let his gun go off!"

The boys have no tents, but they have erected themselves comfortable shanties of pine logs, with mud and stick chimneys. They have constructed banks of pine poles, over which they spread pine tops. Over this they lay their blanket, or blankets, for none possess more than two blankets, and, though having no "bed ticks filled with straw," they sleep none the less comfortably and soundly thereby. Having

no material to "white wash their barracks," Tennessee mud, well plastered over the interiors, though not quite as elegant, makes them just as comfortable. They have no "large stores," but in their stand large fire places, which is more comfortable, and a deal of a sight more healthy. Here we get no "loaves of bread weighing full twenty-two ounces," but the "hard tack," a little saw-belly, and some beef. But this does not interfere with the appetites nor the health of the boys in the least, for it is the healthiest of food, besides there is no danger of scurvy, because the quantities issued are too small to endanger men in that way.

Finally, Mr. Editor, we may say that we are at home on Moccasin Point and should you, or any of our friends, wander this way why just pay a visit to Moccasin Point City. You will find the latch string out, (figuratively, for latch strings are played out here) with enough hard tack, coffee, and bacon, or pickled pork, to spare a meal or two, though, to confess, our visitors would have to make their visits short for out accommodations are such that we could not entertain them very long.

JNO. DANIELS.

### Ladies Scrap Book.

A man being commiserated with on account of his wife's running away, said: "Don't pity me till she comes back again."

We feel that we are growing old for want of somebody to tell us that we are looking as young as ever. Charming falsehood! There is a vast deal of vital air in loving words.

The tenderest heart loves best the courageous one; the gentle voice says: "Why waste thou so hazardous?" The deeper toned replies, "For thee, for thee."

Women, like the plants in woods, derive their softness and tenderness from the shade.

Liveliness in the girl may be mistaken for good temper; but the little pertinacity, which, at first, is attractively provoking, may at last provoke without its attractiveness.

If you would be tolerated, be tolerant. If you would hear the truth, tell it. If you wouldn't be troubled, don't be troublesome.

We wish to close our eyes upon the world in the places we love best; the child in its mothers bosom, the patriot in his country.

Sometimes a girl says no to an offer, when it is plain as the nose on her face that she means yes. The best way to judge whether she is in earnest or not, is to look straight into her eyes, and never mind her nose.

Is it not true that the young not only appear to be, but really are, most beautiful in the presence of those they love? It calls forth all their beauty.

We are very curious to know how many feet in female arithmetic go to a mile, for we never heard of a lady yet whose shoes were not a mile too big for her.

You can never be satisfied that a lady understands a kiss, unless you have it from her own mouth.

The snow lies calm and white and peaceful upon the earth, but it often gets into a flurry coming down.

A young woman should not forget that when once the door of the heart is opened to a guest, there is no knowing who will come next.

Love generally makes a wise man act like a fool, and interest sometimes makes a fool act like a wise man.

Fashionable circles were never so numerous as they are now. Almost every lady that appears in the streets is the centre of one.

Better have no eyes, ears, noses, or palates, than be obliged to see, hear, smell, and taste everything that passes.

Quin told Lady Berkeley that she looked blooming as spring; but, recollecting that the season was not then very promising, he added, "Would to Heaven the spring would look like your ladyship!"

"My dear madam, can you give me a glass of grog?" asked a fatigued traveler in Arkansas, as he entered a cabin on the roadside.

"I ain't got a drop, stranger," replied the woman.

But a gentleman told me that you had a barrel.

"Why, good gracious," replied the woman, "what do you reckon one barrel of whiskey is